THE NATION

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LET'S TAX ADVERTISING

Peter Dorner

EYEWITNESS IN HAVANA

Leo Huberman

WHY OUR MISSILES LAG

Carl Dreher

A REVOLT AGAINST SHELTERS

Mary M. Grooms

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LETTERS

Protests on Cuba

Dear Sirs: The Boatrockers Democratic Club of Berkeley has sent a letter to President Kennedy which says in part:

> . . . Your policy of aid to Cuban insurgents . . . strengthens charges of U.S. aggression, gives the Castro government precedent to invite Russian assistance and gives Russia justification to accept.
>
> Only deeds can show that the U.S. wants to be a Good Neighbor. Our deeds should begin with the immediate abandonment of aid to efforts to overthrow the Castro regime. We should also lift our trade embargo . . . and accept the offers of other OAS nations to mediate our differences with Cuba.

JOHN V. McELHENEY
Berkeley, Calif. President

[*The above is typical of many letters sent by individuals and organizations to President Kennedy, Secretary Rusk, Ambassador Stevenson, Senator Morse, et al., copies of which have been received at* The Nation.—ED.]

Dear Sirs: Thanks to his shocking measures against Cuba, President Kennedy may have created his own army of revolutionary opponents in exile here at Oxford out of his most enthusiastic former friends and supporters. . . . Our democracy has come to such a pass that the most leftist vote a man can cast turns out to have been in favor of violators of the U.N. Charter, cold-war demagogues and sponsors of a counterrevolutionary invasion of a sovereign state.

JOHN McNEES
New College, Oxford, England

Dear Sirs: Which way will U.S. intellectuals jump now? Will the daring "Night Letter Committee" which signed a letter backing the French intellectuals' stand on Algeria (a safe thing to do from afar) take a similar stand in America (an unsafe thing to do) in regard to Cuba? GERALD KNIGHT
San Francisco, Calif.

The Graft Isn't 'Super'

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the article entitled, "The Federal Highway Program—Super-Graft on Superhighways" in your April 1 issue. Mr. Stanley Meisler has pointed up some of the troubles of the highway program. However, he has tended to overemphasize the actual problems. . . . Since passage of the 1956 Highway Act, there have been over 50,000 contracts awarded on federal-aid road projects and more than 1.5 million people have been directly involved in the operations. Wrongdoings have involved not more than about fifty people. . . . The article does a great injustice to the thousands of dedicated people working for the state and federal governments and for contractors all across the nation. The program is good, and it is sound, and it is being competently administered.

ELLIS L. ARMSTRONG
President, Better Highways
Washington, D.C. Information Service

If You See It on TV—

Dear Sirs: By threat of suit, I have compelled two television stations showing *Operation Abolition* to carry the testimony I gave before the House Un-American Activities Committee hearing in San Francisco as to my reasons for refusal to answer certain questions; and to carry the statement that no witness before the committee so much as mentioned my name, no testimony was offered against me, and no charges were made by committee counsel.

As this serves not only to protect me, but to discredit the film and the committee, I hope *The Nation* readers will inform me immediately of any showings of the film scheduled by their local TV stations. As this requires advance notice, perhaps interested persons will glance at the week's listings in their Sunday papers or publicity in TV columns. My address is 233 Lake Drive, Berkeley 8, California. WILLIAM MANDEL
Berkeley, Calif.

Style Is Not All

Dear Sirs: Kenneth Rexroth's many points about *The New English Bible* [issue of April 8] converge on one point: He doesn't like the way *The New English Bible* says what it says. Its style is bad. Its committee could not write. It is pedestrian. . . . [But] style is no substitute for accuracy and intelligibility. Only the most careful examination of the Greek texts will bring this to the front, and I hope Mr. Rexroth is not going to maintain he knows the Greek texts better than the committee for *The New English Bible.*

Mr. Rexroth's review will go well on the market, for there are always many

(*Continued on page 411*)

Maurice Grosser, now in Europe, has asked us to state that, in preparation for his column on the Barnes Foundation (*The Nation,* March 4), he read *Art and Argyrol* by William Schack, and wishes to give credit to that source for a number of background facts contained in his essay. —Editors.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1961
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

So the People May Know

That there has been a failure of intelligence of all types about Cuba—of the press, of government intelligence services, of the diplomatic variety—is a conclusion that will now be generally conceded. Until almost the last hour, we misjudged the strengths and weaknesses of the Batista regime. The failure of official intelligence dramatized in the recent invasion fiasco merely highlights our continued ignorance of what is going on ninety miles from our shore. No doubt specific reasons could be assigned for the Administration's failure to be properly informed: too much reliance may have been placed by both the Eisenhower and the Kennedy Administrations on the information and counsel of refugees (notoriously lacking in objectivity), or on the insights of executives and board members of corporations recently divested of their Cuban holdings. Whatever the explanation, the fact is that the problem of obtaining accurate intelligence about Cuba is now more acute than ever. If the President wants to build support for the measures his Administration may take in the future, he should act promptly to restore confidence in the intelligence upon which he intends to base his actions.

The President has honorably accepted full responsibility for the ill-fated, ill-advised, invasion fiasco; but he should go one step further and accept the challenge of a test of the reliability of his intelligence sources. To this end, let him send a commission of distinguished Americans to Cuba. Let the members examine Cuba from tip to tip. Let them report their findings not only to the President (whose primary reliance must still be on official sources), but directly to the public. The individuals selected should be well known; they should be open-minded; above all, they should not be fettered by ideological blinkers of the kind that obscure social, economic and political realities. ("To a far greater extent than they would like to admit," said the London *Observer* recently in an editorial, "our American friends are the prisoners of an ideology almost as narrow as that of the Communists and just as fervently believed.")

Merely to indicate the kind of individuals that might be selected, we would mention such educators as Dr. Clark Kerr (president of the University of California), Dr. Barnaby C. Keeney (president of Brown University), Dr. Ethan A. G. Shepley (chancellor, Washington University), Dr. Millicent McIntosh (president of Barnard College), Dr. Wallace Sterling (president of Stanford University); publishers like Palmer Hoyt of the Denver *Post*, Barry Bingham of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Alicia Patterson of *Newsday* and Eleanor McClatchy, president of the McClatchy Newspapers; farm leaders such as James Patton, Roswell Garst and Murray Lincoln; labor leaders such as Al Hays, president of the Machinists, and Ralph Helstein, president of the Packinghouse Workers; independent industrialists such as Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of IBM, George Romney of American Motors and James F. Lincoln of Lincoln Electric; civic leaders of the caliber of Judge William Hastie (Third Circuit Court of Appeals), Stanley Mosk (Attorney General of California), Father John F. Cronin (National Catholic Welfare Conference), Judge David Bazelon, Judge Curtis Bok, Agnes Meyer; financiers of the type of Eugene S. Williams (president, St. Louis County National Bank) and David Rockefeller; editors of the standing of Vermont Royster of *The Wall Street Journal*, Lindsay Hoben of the Milwaukee *Journal*, Larry Fanning of the Chicago *Sun-Times*; some authentic Latin American experts (Dr. George Sanchez of the University of Texas is a name that comes to mind). There are no end of good names.

That the appointment of such a commission would be unorthodox, perhaps even unprecedented, would simply add, we believe, to its potential for restoring world confidence in American intentions.

Single Standard for Dictators

The Nation has never supported Fidel Castro unreservedly or gazed on him with starry eyes. It has merely opposed the idiotically conceived and stupidly managed effort to overthrow him by force. Amid the howls of the frustrated and belligerent, such a position is certain to be identified with one of love and admiration. It is nothing of the kind. Castro has to his credit some great and lasting accomplishments in Cuba and these *The Nation* will never forget; but neither will it condone his follies. After his victory, he added to the count of the latter with a sentiment which was as bad

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as its timing. He said to his followers, as one commentator paraphrased it, "You don't need elections—you've got me." He was handing his enemies abroad a stick and inviting them to beat him. Of course they did, and this time he deserved what he got.

But before we cast Fidel, the leftist dictator, into outer darkness, let us review our own relations with dictators and see whether our ardor may not be somewhat dampened. In Nicaragua, as we have seen, we have kept Somoza in power. In Cuba we supported Batista almost until he took off for Ciudad Trujillo, and it was only then that we began to look askance at the Dominican dictator who was temporarily Batista's host. And how about Saudi Arabia, South Korea, South Vietnam, Guatemala, Haiti, Portugal, Spain? The roster of *our* dictators is long, the money we have spent in shoring them up runs into the tens of billions. Who are we to talk about dictators?

As for elections, *The Nation* is all for honest elections, but phony elections do not warm its heart. Recently the State Department rejoiced at the election victory of Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam. If anyone believed that this was an election, he can believe anything. In Laos, there was a fairly honest election which did not go to our liking: a neutralist government was installed. We intervened with military advisers, arms and an inexhaustible treasury, overthrew the legally constituted government and put in a Western-oriented regime. When our puppets proved shaky, we became sweetly amenable; now we are willing to settle for a neutralist government, which in all likelihood will be headed by the same Premier we went to such lengths to overthrow.

We may, for a time, bemuse ourselves with the notion that between two kinds of dictators, the White or counterrevolutionary, and the Red, there is a great moral gulf. The good dictators are those who are with us, the bad dictators are against us. To much of the rest of the world, unfortunately, this will look like a double standard established primarily for our military convenience. If we believe in democracy and support its adherents everywhere, if we abhor dictatorship and oppose it everywhere, we may not triumph, but no one will despise us. All that is certain is that our present course of expediency will only convict us of hypocrisy and, as Cuba shows, will not even prevail militarily.

The Great Illusion

Norman Angell wrote a book by this name; his great illusion was war itself. Mankind has not yet learned that war is a most unsuitable instrument for settling disputes between nations, but one kind of war is rapidly becoming obsolete—the assault of a great power on a small one, whether directly or by means of a disaffected minority. The great power may indeed be victorious, as the Soviet Union was in Hungary, but the obloquy incurred is a high price to pay for victory; it may be that if the Russians had it to do over again, they would send in negotiators rather than tanks. When the great power not only foments an invasion, but must stand by while its agents are defeated, there is no comfort at all in the outcome, but there is a moral. Senator Frank Church (D.-Idaho), a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, after listening to four hours of testimony by Allen Dulles, Director of the CIA, and Richard Bissell, Deputy Director for Plans, summed up the lesson succinctly. "The Cuban briefings during the last few days," said Senator Church, "led me to conclude that a dual mistake was made. Communism can't be shot down in Latin America. It must be shown up—and this should be the object of our policy."

Fine; propaganda is everyone's privilege, and sheds no blood. But the other part of it—"Communism can't be shot down in Latin America"—is irrefutable. It is even an understatement. Latin America seethes with people who, for reasons of the not too distant past, love to see Uncle Sam take a pratfall. George Southworth of the *Miami Herald,* in a dispatch from Managua, Nicaragua, in *The Washington Post,* writes, "If people here were not afraid to talk, a great many of them would tell you they are glad that Fidel Castro beat the Cuban invaders. They are glad—not because they want a Fidel Castro to run their own country—they are glad because Fidel showed that Uncle Sam doesn't run Latin America." Some Nicaraguans were not afraid to talk. Julio Vivas, a leading radio announcer, told Southworth: "The only reason the United States didn't lose any prestige here because of the Cuban fiasco is because the U.S. didn't have any prestige in Nicaragua to lose." Others interviewed told why. It was because they blame the United States for keeping the Somoza dictators in power for the past twenty-five years.

The most important practical lesson, however, is that by trying to shoot its way back into Cuba by proxy, the United States has immeasurably enhanced Castro's prestige, put ideas into the heads of restless Latin Americans, and vastly increased the chances of what it fears most—the spread of Castroism to other Latin American countries. "Just wait," said a Nicaraguan attorney, "until the day that a Fidel Castro comes along here with some social reforms." By using Nicaraguan bases in its CIA-managed invasion, the United States has brought that day nearer. If our leaders are wise, they will accept defeat—and not make the same mistake in some other form.

Nothing to Negotiate?

When the victorious Castro announced that he was ready to sit down with President Kennedy and talk peacefully about future U.S.-Cuban relations, he was quickly slapped down with a typical Lincoln White

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aphorism: "Communism in this hemisphere is not negotiable." Either as diplomacy or as propaganda, his rejoinder left something, in fact everything, to be desired. Our relations with Cuba are anomalous, but when we broke off direct diplomatic intercourse we did not move Castro to Betelgeuse while we remained on this planet. His country and ours are still only ninety miles apart, as we are daily reminded by those who view the proximity of "communism" with such horror. A certain amount of passenger traffic continues by sea and air; those great statesmen, the Longshoremen of New York, recently recognized the fact by refusing to load a ship bound for Cuba. There are still several hundred Americans in Cuba, and they are in no more physical jeopardy than, say, a New Yorker walking in Central Park after nightfall. The best-known industry of Tampa, Florida, remains the manufacture of Havana cigars, made from huge quantities of tobacco leaf imported from Cuba. American corporations have claims against Cuba aggregating about a billion dollars; if it is not feasible to get back their property by sending in the Marines, someone must try to make the best deal possible—or does Mr. White prefer to write the whole thing off? Then there is the naval base at Guantanamo. We occupy it under a lease, we pay rent, several thousand Cubans work there, and American surface ships and aircraft come and go freely.

There are certainly numerous topics for serious discussion. Lincoln White, normally a talkative man, may find Castro's Cubans so offensive that his vocal cords fail him, but Frank Kowalski (D.-Conn.), one of our most intelligent Congressmen and a former Regular Army colonel, is not so squeamish. "Historically," he acknowledges, "the United States has always feared the presence of an alien force on Cuba." Indeed, this was one of the nightmares of the Founding Fathers. But we must face the realities of the situation today, however unpleasant they may be. "The last invasion failed to communicate its objectives to the people of Cuba," Mr. Kowalski continues, "and future invasions . . . will have the same difficulties. . . . There must be an alternative. . . . If we could have negotiated in the past, why not now? How will we know whether some acceptable *rapprochement* is not possible unless we try? I am inclined to think that this country might well exercise a little restraint and patience with Cuba. . . . Castro may be an unpleasant irritant, a thorn in our side, but I certainly hope no one believes Cuba is a serious challenge to the United States."

If Mr. White would stop issuing statements and listen to Mr. Kowalski instead, and then pass on to Messrs. Rusk and Bowles what he has learned by this simple and inexpensive expedient, the State Department might be able to advise the President to better effect, and the United States might present a far more seemly diplomatic posture before the world.

Perfidious Albion

In the trade press of the advertising industry, hands are being wrung and anguished cries rise to heaven. A hideous crime is being plotted in England and may spread to the United States. The nature of the crime is such, however, that its existence, or even its premeditation, is best kept from the general public; thus not a line appears in any American newspaper, not a word is heard on radio-TV. Britain's Conservative government has slapped a 10 per cent tax on television advertising. The *Conservative* government has done this! Labor, of course, approves: Laborite Harold Wilson, speaking on government finance, declared that his only criticism was that the tax didn't go far enough; he would like to see it applied over a wider field. Both British and American advertising men see the TV-advertising tax as the thin edge of a wedge which may ultimately be applied to the entire output of the $10 billion advertising industry of the United States (see article by Peter Dorner on page 404), as well as the smaller British industry, which cowers like a virgin awakening to see a gorilla leaning over her bed.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Selwyn Lloyd announced the new tax on April 17 in his budget message. It is expected to produce revenue of £8,500,000 ($23,800,000) a year. In the United States this would hardly suffice to launch a campaign for a breakthrough in cigarette filters, but in Britain it is real money. More important in the long run (and more money in the long run, too) is the principle of the thing. R. A. Bevan, president of the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising, as the British trade association is quaintly called, declared, "Advertising is an essential link between the mass production and mass consumption necessary to keep our economy vigorous and expanding. No one therefore can welcome any tax which discriminates against advertising."

An added difficulty is the question of who will pay. The Tory government has served official notice on TV program companies, making them responsible for the collection of the tax, but these creators would prefer to pass the buck to the advertisers, to whom the idea borders on the repulsive. Thus the impost will, in the words of the London correspondent of *Advertising Age*, constitute "a severe test of client-media . . . relations." Both sides are ready to give their all in the cause of mass consumption, but neither is eager to put its tithe into the collection plate.

In the United States, the television industry is about to increase station breaks from thirty to forty seconds and, if the FCC does not raise a bureaucratic hand, to slide in a third spot announcement. It is perhaps just as well that the British offense against free enterprise has not been publicized among the TV viewers. They might approve.

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LET'S TAX ADVERTISING . . *by Peter Dorner*

THE IDEA of a tax on advertising has never suffered from lack of enthusiastic proponents. Recent literature indicates that its advocates are growing in number. The call has been heard across the land — from Baltimore to San Francisco, from Maine to Texas. Proposals have been made by such diverse interests as state and municipal legislative bodies, economists, journalists and others.

Nor is the idea restricted to the United States. In March, 1961, the Fabian Society of London recommended it in a pamphlet entitled, "A Tax on Advertising?", in which the author discusses a variety of such taxes presently imposed by some European countries.

Similar measures have been enacted in the United States; some have been declared unconstitutional, others upheld, by the Supreme Court.

What is behind this increased interest in a tax on advertising?

In the last decade, U.S. business firms have doubled their advertising expenditures. In recent years these outlays have totaled between $10- and $11 billion annually and have been growing at a more rapid rate than either gross national product, personal income or personal-consumption expenditures. Throughout the 1950s, more money was spent on advertising than on research and development by government, industry and all universities combined. [According to Senator Howard W. Cannon (D., Nev.), the defense industry alone spends $500 million yearly on institutional advertising. —EDITORS.]

Not only have dollar magnitudes grown, but advertising expenditures as a *per cent of total sales* have been increasing. Advertising expenditures of manufacturers of food and kindred products increased from $337 million in 1947 (1.11 per cent of total sales) to $808.1 million in 1957 (2.03 per cent of total sales). In the same ten-year period, advertising expenditures of food retailers increased from $49.4 million (.48 per cent of total sales) to $233.5 million (.92 per cent of total sales). In 1957, tobacco manufacturers spent more than 5 per cent of total sales on advertising; beverages 4.9 per cent; chemical and allied products 3.6 per cent; motion pictures 3.6 per cent; household furnishing (retail) 3.3 per cent; etc.

THE INCREASINGLY large outlays for advertising raise the question: Is this the best use we can make of our resources at a time of national crisis? If not, so proponents of an advertising tax argue, the least we can do is to impose a levy which will generate some needed public revenues.

Excessive advertising outlays are in part responsible for draining resources into channels irrelevant for meeting the challenge imposed by our leadership of the free world. We can neither impress nor lead the hungry, ideologically "uncommitted" millions by increasing our advertising budget. We can win their confidence only as we produce items and services important to social welfare, both at home and abroad.

It is difficult, to say the least, to raise funds for such vital public purposes as education, foreign economic aid, medical care and research, urban reconstruction, pollution control and the like. At the same time, judging by their rapid growth, increasingly large advertising outlays are generated within the private sector with much less effort. The expenditure of public funds for the public good is constantly under attack, while advertising expenditures are defended as "costs" necessary to the survival of our system. This is one of the paradoxes of modern-day capitalism.

We are indeed a wealthy society. It is only in a wealthy society that excessive advertising is possible. But the issue is not how much we have, but the uses to which we put it. To re-establish what Professor Galbraith has called "social balance," we *must* devote more resources to the provision of public services and less to the provision of privately produced consumer goods. The present magnitude of advertising expenditures impedes this kind of reallocation.

BUT THE consequences of excessive advertising are not confined to the imbalance between the public and the private sectors of the economy. The investment pattern *within* the private sector is also distorted.

As a society grows more affluent, the demand for an increasing number of consumer goods reaches a state of extreme inelasticity. That is to say, consumers become relatively insensitive to changes in price. Most food items (and certainly food in the aggregate) are characterized by an inelastic demand. While advertising expenditures by food processors and retailers over the 1947-1957 decade increased by 270 per cent, the index of per capita consumption of food remained almost constant (1947-49=100 and 1957=102). Thus, much of this advertising is not only socially barren, but it becomes fruitless even to the firms involved since, in the aggregate, its effects tend to cancel out.

It will be argued that food is an exceptional case, since the human stomach is itself inelastic. But there are limits to the consumption of durables as well. The psychological status of goods changes as people grow wealthier. Prestige and luxury items are gradually transformed into everyday necessities. As this occurs, consumers evaluate the goods in terms of their utilitarian qualities. This is accompanied by intensification of manufacturers' efforts at planned obsolescence, an enormously wasteful process.

There is an additional point for concern in that the largest and most powerful firms are also the ones with the largest advertising budgets. In 1957, over 30 per cent of the $10.3 billion total outlay on advertising was spent by 383 firms. One of the largest firms, with an advertising budget of more than $104 million, accounted for a little over 1 per cent of all advertising in the nation. Thus the industrial giants can use their

PETER DORNER is an economics teacher and researcher at the University of Wisconsin in the field of resource-use and economic development.

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advertising budgets for maintaining and exploiting a position of economic power. This leads, in turn, to the increasing domination of many industries by a few large firms that can effectively bar the entry of new firms and new competition.

ADVERTISING expenditures tend to support inflation. Many of our largest firms dominate the markets in which they sell their goods. They set prices and maintain profit levels by passing on higher costs to the consumer. This is achieved by product differentiation and large advertising expenditures. Cost increases, in turn, are accompanied by increased advertising in order to maintain sales.

Aside from its inflationary effect, heavy advertising tends to divert industrial research into irrelevant projects — making one toothpaste "different" from another, for instance. (Since price competition has been abandoned in monopolistic markets, the differentiated product is today the main vehicle of competition in most consumer-goods industries.) Such product differentiation can, of course, be meaningful, and sometimes it is — but most often it is nonfunctional and therefore wasteful. Placing a tax on advertising would reduce the effectiveness of this medium as a competitive weapon by increasing its cost. More funds could then be devoted to *useful* research — i.e., research concentrated on basic problems and new products, rather than on minor, nonfunctional changes in old products. Here is a form of competition from which the consumer could derive genuine benefit, and one which will become increasingly important if we are to remain competitive with the thriving economies of Western Europe.

It is popularly assumed that increased advertising outlays help to maintain full employment. But employment levels and the rate of economic growth in the 1950s refute the assumption. The fact is that the advertising race reflects merely the attempt of various firms to maintain their *relative* shares of the market; in the aggregate, the advertising outlays of close competitors cancel out.

Each of the recession years, 1949, 1954 and 1958, shows a slower rate of growth in advertising expenditures than do the non-recession years of the past decade. There is ground for arguing that advertising accentuates, rather than diminishes, the cyclical fluctuations in business activity.

The argument of the potency of advertising to keep the economy in high gear rests on the false assumption that government could not, and should not, take up any slack that might be created by a reduction in advertising. But some of our greatest investment needs today are in the public sector and can be met *only* by government.

THE CASE for a tax on advertising is not unimpressive. Yet, relative to the frequency with which the idea has been advanced, why has it so infrequently been put into practice?

In this country, recent taxes on advertising have been levied against the advertising agencies and/or the communications media rather than against the manufacturer. To be consistent with the case made in favor of a tax on advertising, the tax *should* be levied against the manufacturing firm. It is the manufacturer who administers prices, allocates funds between advertising and research, and institutes policies designed to raise the barriers against new competition. If it is to affect the policy, in these fields, of business firms, the tax should increase as the firms' advertising outlays increase.

There is an additional weakness in taxing the agencies and/or communications media. It raises, inevitably, the Constitutional questions of freedom of speech and press.

The question of which governmental unit should levy the tax is also important. In all recent cases, it has been levied by states and municipalities. This fact explains why the tax is not levied against the manufacturer. A firm outside the political boundaries cannot be reached by the tax, even though its products are marketed within it. Furthermore, states and municipalities are eager to retain their industries and are forever attempting to solicit new ones; even where the tax is levied on the media, opponents will play up the idea that it is a tax on "business growth." In practice, local governments have found it extremely difficult to enact such a tax in view of the intense local opposition. Even where imposed, it has commonly been so mild as to be ineffective.

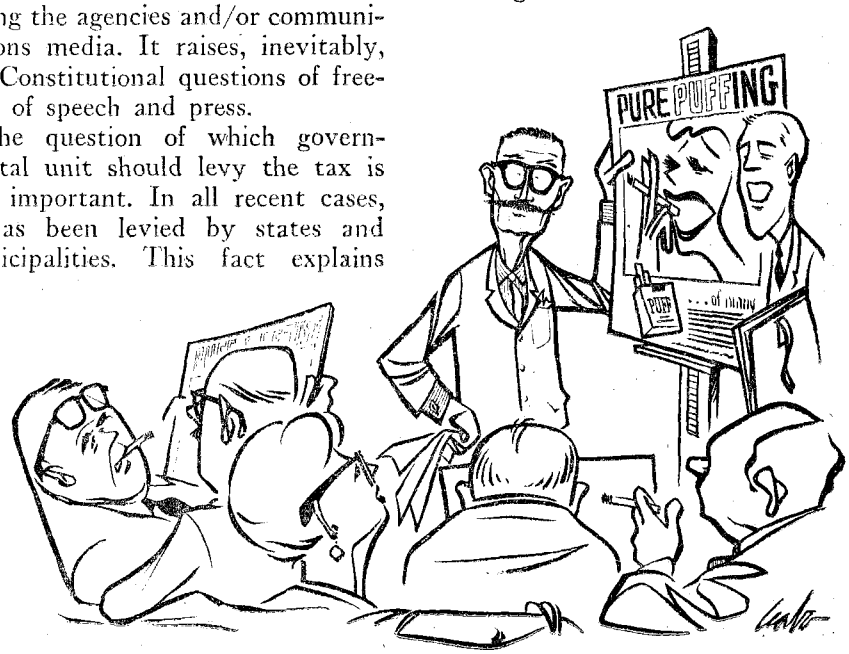
If a tax on advertising is to yield substantial amounts of revenue and affect the decisions of business management, *it must be levied by the federal government against the manufacturing firm whose product is being advertised.*

The simplest way to accomplish this would be to place limits on the amount of advertising expenditures permitted as cost deductions by business firms. Since these deductions are largely a matter of Congressional permission, Congress has the necessary power and authority to change them. This is the essence of tax-loophole-plugging.

The following provisions might be incorporated in such legislation:

1. The tax should be introduced gradually over a period of years.

2. Only advertising expenditures exceeding a certain limit would be



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taxed (the limit to be defined as a percentage of sales).

3. Expenditures in excess of the limit could not be deducted as costs and would consequently be taxed at the going tax rate.

4. The tax should be graduated in order to give a relatively small new entrant into an industry an advantage (the limit as a percentage of sales could be varied according to dollar volume of sales).

5. A floor to dollar-sales volume should be fixed below which firms would not be subject to the tax.

6. Because of the diversity in market structure, the legislation would have to be specially adapted to each industry.

A proposal to disallow tax deductions for certain advertising expenditures may appear radical. But this is only because of our historical conceptions of cost. Economic theory was developed at a time when firms were small and economic activity less concentrated. Furthermore, the existence of widespread poverty, and scarcities in all the basic necessities of life, focused attention on costs and efficiency of production. There was little need for advertising in such an economy. Thus, there was no reason to differentiate between production and selling costs.

The criteria in our present income-tax laws are based on the definitions of cost appropriate to this earlier period. Given the present market structure and the magnitude of selling expenditures, the distinction between production and selling costs is now well recognized in economic theory. It should also be recognized in the income-tax laws.

EYEWITNESS IN HAVANA . . *by Leo Huberman*

I ARRIVED in Havana on the evening of Friday, April 14. At about 6 A.M., the next morning, three airbases on the island, one of them in Havana, were bombed by B-26 airplanes. The State Department announcement that the pilots were Cuban Air Force men who had defected that morning was as accurate as later dispatches by the American press associations on what happened in Cuba following the attempted invasion at 2 A.M. on Monday, April 17. Of some twenty-five completely false dispatches by the AP and UPI that I have seen, I select two to prove the point:

> MIAMI, April 17. (AP)—There is information that there is fighting in the streets of Havana.
>
> MEXICO, April 18. (UPI)—The luxurious Hotel Havana Libre in the Cuban capital has been totally destroyed after an air attack on Havana.

I rode and walked through the streets of Havana from the evening of April 14 when I arrived, until the afternoon of April 26 when I left. There was no fighting anywhere, any time. I lived in the Havana Libre that entire period — quite a trick, isn't it, to eat and sleep in a hotel that has been "totally destroyed"?

Let me tell you what really happened, what I saw with my own eyes.

Following the bombing of the three air bases, government leaders guessed correctly that an invasion attempt would soon take place. They quickly alerted the army and the militia. On the rooftops of nearby high buildings, from the terrace of my hotel room on the sixteenth floor, I saw anti-aircraft guns readied for action with their crews standing by on a round-the-clock basis.

The weather was delightful during my stay, unusually cool and crisp. Outwardly, life in the city went on as usual. If there had been no sandbags in front of important buildings, and if the radios had not been blaring the latest battlefront news, the casual observer would never have known the country was in a state of war. You rode the buses and taxis, ate in the pleasant INIT restaurants in the parks, went to the movies, swam at the new public beaches, visited friends and, in general, carried on business in the ordinary way. The giant newspaper headlines, the radio, and the militiamen who stopped and searched you as you entered a hotel or government office building or apartment house—these were the daytime reminders that these were unusual days.

At night there was tension in the air. You saw many more armed men and women in militia uniform; behind the sandbags there were more crouching figures; if you rode in a private car, you were occasionally halted by militiamen and asked for identification; and, in the big apartment houses, teen-age girls and boys, with guns, were running the elevators and looking you over with their accustomed courtesy—but a little more carefully than usual.

Always, of course, behind the seeming calmness, there was the continuing fear that "tonight we may be bombed." The notion of bombs falling in bright daylight seemed somehow incongruous, but sundown always brought apprehension. Our most frightening experience came on Tuesday night, the day after the invasion began. I was just sitting down to dinner at the home of Cedric Belfrage, correspondent for the *National Guardian,* when his wife, Mary, said, "Isn't that a plane?" We rushed to the window of his seventh-floor apartment, and there it was—a big unknown plane about a mile away. In a few minutes there was a knock at the door and we were advised to put out all the lights. We did so, pulled shut the curtains, and watched the plane until it disappeared. Then we sat down to eat by candlelight.

Occasionally we went to the window and looked at the city. Most of the apartments in our building

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LEO HUBERMAN is co-editor with Paul M. Sweezy of the magazine Monthly Review. *In their book,* Cuba—Anatomy of a Revolution, *they predicted that an invasion of Cuba would be attempted — and would fail.*

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were dark, but nearby buildings were all lit up. A friend came and suggested that we have a look at the garage below the building which was to be the shelter if bombing began. We had our look and returned to the Belfrage apartment. I was relieved when a Chilean journalist friend turned up at midnight in his militia uniform and drove me home through streets darker, and patrolled more heavily by militiamen, than usual.

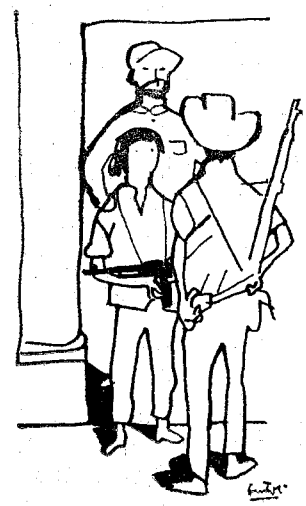
WEDNESDAY night we learned that the fighting was about over and the invasion army had been defeated. The next morning, a large group of journalists, including Belfrage and myself, were taken to the battlefields where we saw the piles of captured U.S.-made rockets, bazookas, machine guns, grenades, ammunition, food. We interviewed the prisoners (every so often a truckload of newly captured prisoners was brought in) and learned that their reception was not at all what they had anticipated. They had been led by the CIA to believe that once they landed on the beach, they would be greeted with open arms by the people, and that Castro's militia would prove sympathetic. Instead, the Cuban Air Force had attacked them almost immediately; the Cuban artillery fire, when it reached the scene, was deadly accurate, and the militiamen had fought like devils. One of the prisoners said, "When we met the first bunch of *milicianos,* we told them you must surrender. They shouted '*Patria o Muerte*' and started shooting."

At the battle front we were introduced to a kid with a mud-covered round face who, we were told, had been in the battle for several days. He was thirteen years old. I asked him how he happened to be in the fighting at so young an age. He replied that he was a student at the anti-aircraft school where the age limit was thirteen to twenty-one.

One was struck everywhere, on the battlefront and in the cities, by the youth of the girls and boys in the militia. The Revolution was made by young people; it has been administered, in the main, by men and women in their twenties and thirties; and now it is being defended by youngsters reaching down to adolescent age. Everywhere you go, the people carry arms and they carry them with such seeming carelessness that you're always a bit nervous that you may be shot by accident. I remember one anxious moment while talking to a sub-minister of education in his office, when he took off his holster and put it on the desk with the revolver pointing straight at me. I could pay no further heed to what he was saying until I reached over and pointed the gun in another direction.

The most exciting event of the invasion season was the nightly TV program of interrogation of the prisoners by the editors of the leading newspapers — a spectacle unlikely to have been put on anywhere else in the world. Cubans love to talk; now they had the opportunity, and they took advantage of it. The parade of witnesses was fascinating: here were the sons of the well-born and the rich come back to retrieve their fortunes—their names and faces familiar to the millions who sat breathlessly before the screen; the adventurers, the Foreign Legion type who fight anywhere for pay; the former Batista policemen and Army men (one of them, piously denying that he had ever tortured anyone, being confronted with several of his victims: "Don't you remember me," shouted an enraged woman. "Don't you remember when you kicked me with your boot and crushed my breast-bone?"); two Spanish priests in the now familiar spotted dark and light green camouflage uniform of the invaders (one of whom behaved like a man and the other a cowardly caricature who pleaded that he be allowed to live so he could "cut cane and atone for my sins"); the voluble, penitent, bitter Cuban who spilled his guts in an engrossing recital — how he had lived in the United States for several years, gotten into some trouble, and had thereafter been visited by FBI and CIA men (he gave the names, dates and places) who had forced him into military intelligence and into the invasion army.

Most of the Cuban people, the CIA to the contrary notwithstanding, are behind the Revolutionary Government with a fervor that makes the words "*Patria o Muerte*" not just an empty slogan, but a reality. The drama unfolded on the TV screen each night was, for them, brass-bound and copper-riveted testimony of the validity of their position.



ON SUNDAY, April 23, Fidel gave another one of those four-hour TV speeches which serve to convince Americans that he is a raving psychopath and Cubans that he is one of the greatest men in history. He alternated between sitting behind a desk and standing, pointer in hand, before a blackboard. He recited calmly, and in great detail, the events leading to the invasion, the course of the battle, the dangers ahead. He told of mistakes made, lessons learned, the bravery of the troops. "We found it necessary to round up a lot of people to prevent sabotage," he said. "Among them, unfortunately were some innocent people. We are sorry for the injustice done them, but we had no choice. We are processing the cases as fast as possible and releasing those unjustly picked up."

On the way to the airport, my Cuban friend was discussing the attitude of the United States Government toward Cuba. "Why don't they leave us alone? he asked, wistfully. "If they left us alone this country could become a paradise. They don't want to buy our sugar? Okay. They don't want to do business with us? Okay. But why don't they leave us alone?"

A good question.

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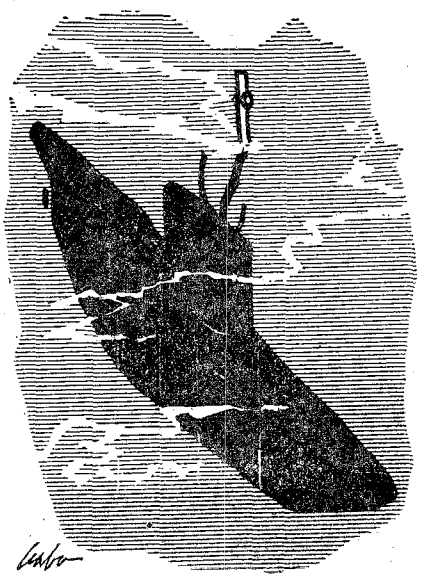
WHY OUR MISSILES LAG . . *by Carl Dreher*

IT IS standard operating practice in the armed services and the press to bathe new weapons in an aura of infallibility, which at some point is rudely dissipated by the facts. A current instance is a front-page Washington story by Jack Raymond in *The New York Times* (April 15) headlined, "Undersea Firings of Polaris Missile Beset by Troubles." This is the first inkling the public has had that the development of the Polaris submarines, "the glamour weapons of the armed forces," has not been a long, blissful honeymoon, during which nuclear security was conceived. Actually, the Navy now reveals, Polaris missiles have been launched successfully from submerged submarines only ten times in eighteen known attempts, and the missiles aboard the *George Washington,* which is in operational-duty status, and the *Robert E. Lee,* which has been commissioned, "might not be considered wholly reliable." The Navy is confident that the faults will be corrected; the public might be more confident if the Navy had not laid it on quite so thick in earlier publicity.

This process of systematic illusionment, followed by recurring disillusionment, is short-circuited by books like *The Crisis We Face: Automation and the Cold War,* by George Steele and Paul Kircher*, which unfortunately are rare. The authors write from knowledge, not vocational optimism. Paul Kircher is an associate professor at the School of Business Administration of the University of California at Los Angeles. Mr. Steele, the technical member of the team, is billed only as "private computer consultant," but he holds degrees from the University of Colorado and California Institute of Technology, was engaged in operations research and Navy radar work in World War II, was technical head of computer development on the Snark missile, founded and was the first president of Computer Research Corporation (now the West Coast Branch of National Cash Register Corporation), founded and was engineering vice president of Digital Control Systems (later merged with Litton Industries) where he directed the computer-research laboratory. He has done studies and design work on air-breathing and ballistic missiles, early-warning radar systems, Air Force and Navy bombers, Navy interceptors, Army artillery, radar countermeasures systems and commercial and industrial data-processing systems. He has been a consultant for numerous military contractors and the Air Force.

*McGraw-Hill; $4.95.



IN A WORK critical of U.S. performance in the cold war, the political views of the authors are also relevant, but these emerge forcefully from the book itself. The introduction predicts that "in the battle of robots, fought out at lightning speed, victory will go to the best instruments, actuators and electronic brains. The men who direct such weapons must show their daring and resolution when the system is built, in peacetime." The writers are clearly uninfluenced by unmanly qualms or misguided humanitarianism. They are prepared to live indefinitely in a "semi-war" environment, to burrow underground and to fight either small wars or the big one. As for their attitude toward the Soviet Union (which they always call "Russia"), they estimate that if our cities were to be subjected to nuclear attack 100 million of our people might die, but if we surrender the result would be the same, by "Ukrainian, Hungarian, or Chinese type of *bourgeoisie* genocide," since Communists "normally exterminate the entire middle class, which in America constitutes more than half the people."

Obviously the authors' credentials are of the best. They are both expert and fervently anti-Communist. So their estimate of the value of America's preparations for nuclear war contains no element of disaffection and must be taken at face value. They contend that the instrumentalities—both the aircraft of the Strategic Air Command and the Atlas and Titan liquid-fueled ballistic missiles—are poorly engineered, unnecessarily complex and incapable of reliable performance under combat conditions. They are scarcely more sanguine about the solid-fueled Polaris and Minuteman. Even if the missiles are improved, we shall not be much better off. The present bottleneck is in hardened launching sites. "It's easy to make a bigger warhead," Steele and Kircher say, "difficult to make a harder site. As fast as we get hard sites they will make bigger war heads, and we're always behind."

IN GENERAL, reliability varies inversely with complexity. The index of reliability is the percentage of missiles that will fly in a predetermined trajectory from the launching platform to the target. By all indications, a large percentage of ours will not fly at all. The Titan is not in the combat picture yet, but it retains most of the faults of the Atlas. The latter is a poor risk on the basis of the guidance system alone. The earlier Atlases are radio-guided: the missile is tracked and kept on course by command signals from the ground. According to Steele and Kircher, this Atlas has about 6,000

CARL DREHER, an engineer turned writer, has long been observing, for The Nation, *the social and political implications of the technological-arms race.*

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transistors in the missile and about 60,000 on the ground. Many of these semi-conductors occupy crucial positions, and a few failures could abort the missile or send it far off course. The latter might also be accomplished by enemy radio jamming.

In an effort to overcome these objections, the inertial-guidance system was developed to enable the missile to sense its own deviations and correct them. All the guidance equipment is in the missile itself. As yet, this system is less accurate than radio guidance, nor is it necessarily less subject to failure, since 15,000 to 20,000 transistors are still in circuit and vulnerability is greater in flight. Then, to make the gamble still greater, with both types there are the hazards of launching.

Steele and Kircher also criticize our missiles on the ground of susceptibility to shock. Assume that all our Atlases and Titans are installed in hardened underground bases, as eventually they will be. The Soviet Union, unfortunately, has very large rockets which can put seven tons into orbit or thirty-five-megaton war heads into intercontinental trajectories.

A thirty-five-megaton burst on the ground will make a crater over a mile in diameter and 300-400 feet deep. No installations within two miles of the center are likely to survive. Earth may be thrown up around the lip of the crater to a height of a hundred feet and may bury the entrances to missile sites a mile or two beyond the crater periphery. Airblast pressure, plus the ground shock wave, would destroy one of our present semi-hard sites at a distance of over seven miles. Electronic equipment would be wrecked over even greater distances. The ground shock would be so severe that it would kill a man in contact with the concrete wall of the underground control room, even if the wall did not collapse. An air burst would be less destructive to hardened bases, but against open installations, such as airfields, it would be effective at very great ranges.

Vulnerability is compounded by our practice of grouping missiles, ten to a unit. We cannot decentralize because our ground equipment is also hypercomplex and installations must be shared for mutual use and maintenance. But grouping losses promise to be very severe. Kircher and Steele conclude that "almost all our ground forces can now be destroyed by a properly directed attack."

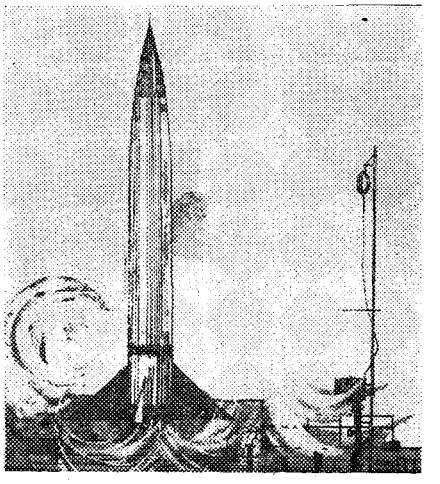
THEY SEEM to have little doubt that the attack would be well directed. In his 1960 State of the Union message, President Eisenhower stated that Atlas was accurate to 2.0 miles in 5,500. The press was jubilant. Steele and Kircher are not. "This is very bad news," they comment. Soviet Pacific tests and satellite-guidance feats indicate that their accuracies are as good as ours. The average distance from Siberian bases to our ten planned Atlas-Titan bases is less than 3,300 miles, so the Russians should be able to strike within 1.2 miles. They don't need thirty-five-megaton war heads, it would seem.

But what about Minuteman and Polaris, which have been even more highly touted than Atlas and Titan? Steele and Kircher are unimpressed. The Polaris submarine carries seven separate digital computers and some 20,000 transistors. The missiles themselves cannot be maintained while the vessel is at sea. "A missile that is not maintained is not a weapon," they say. "A Polaris that has been at sea for months without maintenance may be of less use than a firecracker as a means of deterring the enemy."

Minuteman, as contemplated, they regard as a "lost cause." They quote reports that present avionics (aviation electronics) reliability would have to be improved by a factor of 100 in order to make the weapon a military success.

But only one-third of the failures in military electronic equipment are due to components: another third are ascribed to inadequate engineering, a final third to poor operation and maintenance. Purchasing, engineering, assembly, inspection, transportation, installation, service and maintenance would all have to undergo major revolutions. They won't.

Maintenance is the weakest link in the missile chain. Personnel is inadequate; the traditional officer-enlisted man dichotomy has been



carried over into a situation where it has no relevance, and the primacy of maintenance functions is not recognized. "Did you ever hear of a ranking officer that came up through maintenance?" Kircher and Steele ask. Run-of-the-mill maintenance men must be replaced by maintenance officers with training in mathematics, electronics, management and "getting their fingers on operating systems."

All this makes good technological sense, but runs counter to the American ethos, which calls for a bright young man to become first a junior, then a senior, executive and, if possible, to die as chairman of the board. If the maintenance officer is to crawl inside the missile, he will have to be offered commensurate rewards, both in the service and as a corporation officer thereafter.

THE AUTHORS are caustically skeptical of performance in combat not only of our missiles, but also of our aircraft, in the development of which we have a much better background and history. Most of our military planning, they say, has been for "an officers' club atmosphere rather than a thermonuclear environment . . . our postwar [naval] carriers are . . . loaded with peacetime equipment. So are planes and missiles." The SAC aircraft suffer the same hypertrophy. The heavy bomber of 1940 had 180 vacuum tubes. The heavy bomber of 1945 had 700. By 1950, the number had increased to 1,750, by 1955 to about 4,600. Today's heavy bomber flies and bombs with an appalling agglomeration of 20,000 transistors, and of course

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other components go up more or less proportionately.

On the basis of Steele and Kircher's calculations, the Soviet AA gunners won't need to shoot down our bombers. Most of them will never reach Soviet air space, or won't be in very good shape if they do. The writers figure the chances of one of our jet bombers reaching the Soviet Union without an electronic failure is about one in seven. "This," they comment, "is a polite way of saying that the complete electronic equipment cannot be counted upon for the success of the mission, which must come largely from the ability of the flight crews to get there anyway and drop the bomb without all electronic aids." But in that case, are all these sub-systems worth the weight they add to the aircraft?

As for the "invulnerable" Skybolt, or air-launched IRBM, the Air Force talks as if it were already here, but Kircher and Steele suggest that we cannot count on it till 1965. In the meantime, the aircraft which are to carry the weapon are becoming steadily more vulnerable. The B-70, the Great White Hope of the Air Force, cannot accommodate the Skybolt, which is probably one reason for the Kennedy Administration's cutback of the B-70.

To make aircraft a still weaker reed, there is the "Argus effect"—the blackout of radio communications by nuclear explosions in space, which would probably cut off SAC bombers from SAC headquarters at the inception of an attack. The bombers on the ground would be destroyed and the bombers on air alert could not receive instructions.

BUT DOESN'T the Soviet Union have similar troubles? Some, no doubt, but not in any such desperate degree as ours. A wealthy country like the United States is peculiarly prone to hypercomplexity, both managerial and technical, and in almost all activities. Steele and Kircher show that business computer systems are just as oversize as those of the military. On the other hand, *arriviste* nations like the Soviet Union (and Nazi Germany before it) are more apt to try for simpler, less expensive and less troublesome solutions. The Germans, who originated the modern ballistic-missile weapon system, strove for simplicity and achieved it in the V-2. Design was begun in 1940, the weapon was flight-tested and put into production in 1942—a lead time which in the United States would not have sufficed for the initial conferences on parameters and design. By the end of 1944, the authors say, more than 1,000 V-2s had been fired on London alone, with well over 50 per cent on target. The Atlas is merely a V-2 with a booster added and a more elaborate guidance system. Kircher and Steele maintain that the original V-2 guidance, with slight modification, would have a range deviation of no more than 0.5 per cent, which they consider good enough, at intercontinental ranges and with five-megaton war heads, for use against cities.

The Soviet Union is launching its heavy missiles and space vehicles with relatively simple ground and in-flight equipment. The writers cite reports that the Soviet satellite which lifted the first dog into orbit was fired from an open platform with the aid of a telegraph pole to hold the umbilical cord. It was monitored and checked out from a truck, and fired by one man in a foxhole. Cape Canaveral was never like this! But then the Soviet managers, scientists and engineers are expected to produce equipment that will work reliably under combat conditions, and not to cut too deeply into the gross national product while doing it.

HOW reliable are these jeremiads? I do not presume to judge, since my only knowledge of missiles comes from the trade press. However, the very considerable amount of data which any experienced engineer can obtain from this source fully supports the Steele and Kircher conclusions. I suspect that their indictment has been neglected because its conclusions are so unpleasant that they cannot be faced, and so sound that they cannot be refuted.

On one minor point the authors are too pessimistic, in my estimation. They ask, "How does the President tell a submarine on the floor of the Red Sea that we are at war?" With VFL (Very Low Frequency) stations like the Navy's new NAA at Cutler, Maine (2,000 kw in an enormous antenna strung on 1,000-foot towers), the President probably can get a message to a submarine submerged at a moderate depth. This "brute force" method of communication may be immune from the Argus effect. But of course the transmitting stations can be knocked out by nuclear bombing: they are among the most vulnerable of installations.

The authors ascribe the discovery of the Argus effect to a nuclear high-altitude test off Johnson's Island in the Pacific in 1957, which caused a radio blackout for sixteen hours in Hawaii, 700 miles away. The test called Argus actually involved the firing of a small atomic bomb 300 miles above the South Atlantic on September 6, 1958.

All the major conclusions, however, seem to stand up.

THERE are corroborative mutterings within the services. Rear Admiral Paul Stroop, chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations, is the father of Project Kiss — "*K*eep *i*t *s*imple, *s*tupid" (or "*sir*"). Also, though nothing approaching the scale of this book has appeared, there has been some authoritative muckraking in the past. Dr. Eberhardt Rechtin of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology argued in 1958 that a missile was not a weapon until it had undergone two or three years of firing by military personnel. On this basis, Atlas (if it ever becomes a weapon in fact as well as in name) would not attain that status till 1962, and the statements which began to emanate from Vandenberg AFB early in 1960 that it was "combat-ready" and capable of dealing out terrible punishment to the Russians, were so much bombast. Steele and Kircher say the same thing: "Experience has shown that major weapons developments have had to be in military hands over two or three years before they are fully usable. Three years after the B-52 (the backbone of SAC) was first declared operational, defects were still being uncovered which would have kept it from working in a wartime environment."

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Then, as this article was being written, Dr. F. J. Krieger of the RAND Corporation, speaking before the Institute of Aerospace Sciences, confirmed the Steele-Kircher observation (*The New York Times*, April 9, 1961). The Soviet Union, said Dr. Krieger, "is streamlining its way to a greater lead over the United States in space exploration." (Which means in missilry as well.) The streamlining, Dr. Krieger said, is evident in both engineering and absence of red tape. "The tendency to overengineer a system and the consequent increase in its unreliability," said Dr. Krieger, "have plagued and embarrassed American rocket and missile experts again and again." The Soviets, on the contrary, have been stressing fundamental principles and simplicity in design, and they have coupled these with "the happy faculty of making proper decisions" in the use of computer-based automatic control systems.

Part of the explanation lies in mediocre engineering, of which there is always more available than good engineering. But this is the case in all countries, including the Soviet Union. The relatively few brilliant engineers cannot be everywhere and do everything at once. I do not think that our general level of engineering is inferior to the Russians'. Their management seems to be better, but why? Steele and Kircher approach the answer at one point when they say of our setup: "There is little advantage in developing a simple system—quite the opposite. The larger the contract, the bigger the empire and the bigger the fee." And complexity breeds complexity. The more complex you make one part of a system, the more complex other parts must be, the more spare parts must be kept on hand, the more maintenance personnel you need and the stiffer the requirements of education and intelligence, and so on. The spare-parts problem alone becomes appalling. In 1959, the Department of Defense inventory of spare parts was valued at $21 billion and was increasing at the rate of $2 billion a year. The computers could scarcely keep up with it. *Aviation Week* (March 13, 1961) carried a lugubrious account of the spare-parts labyrinth of the Atlas which, up to the E-model, required 76,000 line items. A committee was struggling to reduce this total by throwing away recoverable parts and components with a value of less than $100, instead of repairing them.

Yet, according to Steele and Kircher, the military pay five times as much per electronic part as does industry. They add that ground-based military equipment of the same size as a home TV set is about one-half as reliable. Clearly, somebody is being taken for a ride.

IN THIS matter of the responsibility of the profit motive for hypercomplexity and hypo-reliability, I feel that Kircher and Steele do not probe far enough beneath the surface. At one point, they complain of technological buck-passing and covering up; at another, of conflicts in which organization men triumph over scientists. But what else can we expect? Since profit is the primary objective (as under the system of free enterprise it must be), naturally it is put ahead of simplicity and excellence in the product. This applies to weapons as to other merchandise. Production-for-use, an expression no longer heard in the land, was proposed at one time in place of production-for-profit, in the name of the general welfare. The argument may apply with greater force to production-for-warfare. If we are going to be honest about these things, or merely practical, we must consider whether production of weapons for profit is, or ever can be, capable of producing weapons as serviceable as those the Russians can produce under their system, whatever its real or alleged iniquities. Is it inconceivable that we might take advantage of some of their experience without adopting the iniquities?

My own feeling is that for all its spectacular features and a great deal of genuine creativity, in its "defense" aspect the missile and space program is a gigantic fraud. The American people have been sold a bill of goods. Waste, hack engineering, and hypercomplexity will continue to be tolerated because they provide employment and, what is even more persuasive, profits for the great corporations engaged in their patriotic labors, the sincerity of which is attested by the price-fixing which was going on and will recur as soon as the cop is around the corner. These latter-day Goliaths and their good friends in the services will not be brought down by slingshots, however well aimed.

AMONG other revolutionary developments, Steele and Kircher forecast in the 1965-1970 period "begaton" war heads with the energy of 1,000 H-bombs, to usher in—or out—the brave new world. Burst in space, such bombs could "burn North America black from coast to coast." The reader may be comforted by the added information that this will be purely a thermal effect, not due to blast or radiation, and fallout will be minimized. They can kill you only once.

Steele and Kircher comfort themselves in a more spiritual way. This is their peroration: "If we lose [the nuclear war] and die, we are still much better off than the Communists. Forlorn atheists, the world is all they have. We have eternity."

Not all will share their confidence. A species capable of thought (and believing in God) that can contemplate the extermination of millions of its members over differences as trivial as those which exist between communism and capitalism as currently practiced, deserves only the oblivion for which it appears to be headed.

Letters

(*Continued from inside cover*)

who want to praise as great writing, and therefore presumably good reading, something which they in fact almost never read, and defend as the rock of the Church's faith something upon which they themselves should consider it absurd to stand personally. It's all like saying, "If you're going to say something laughable and foolish, at least have the decency to say it well." To which it ought be replied, "If we say what we say accurately, it may be that what is said will reveal your st listic considerations laughable and fooli h."

FREDERICK F. JOHNSON
Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church
Spring Valley, N. Y.

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A REVOLT AGAINST SHELTERS . . by *Mary M. Grooms*

WHEN THE Board of Education of the Greece Central School District, in a suburb of conservative Rochester, New York, decided to include an equipped fallout shelter in its plans for a new high school, it had the best of intentions. According to the board president, Edward Shaughnessy, the members felt "there is a threat [of nuclear war] to our children; we feel we can do something about this at a small cost."

They were encouraged in the plan by state Civil Defense authorities; and, after writing to President Kennedy, they received a letter from the national headquarters of Civil Defense complimenting them for their foresight.

But Mr. Wilho M. Salminen, a fellow board member who had worked at Oak Ridge as a scientist, opposed the project from the beginning. In deference to his opposition, the budget item for the proposed shelter was separated from the $5,960,000 school-construction bond issue, thus enabling the voters to decide upon the shelter separately.

NO arrangements were made for public debate on the issue, however. As Mr. Shaughnessy said, "We knew the shelter program was controversial. We didn't make a big thing of it because of its relation to the bond issue." It almost seemed that, while the Greece school board had too much faith in democracy to "sneak the bomb shelter in" — as, according to one member, had been done in four other schools in New York State — it did not have enough faith to let the voters get in on the argument. Members were afraid the voters could not explore the philosophy of fallout shelters without precipitating dissension on the school-construction program.

Five days before the vote, the board held a public information meeting about the building program; it was planned that, at the end of the meeting, questions about the shelter could be asked. The morning newspaper reported that officials from Civil Defense had been invited, as well as members from the "Radiation Group" — the latter an informally organized group of nuclear scientists from the University of Rochester. The scientists volunteered to answer factual questions about radiation, carefully making it clear that they took no sides in the matter.

ON THE morning of the information meeting another organization, which had been concerned about the shelter for weeks, formally moved into the fray. The Independent Political Forum, formed eight months previously by a group of fourteen veterans of the Stevenson-for-President campaign, asked permission to present its side of the shelter issue. To the credit of Mr. Shaughnessy, the permission was granted, even though the board chairman knew that the forum intended to oppose him and that, legally, he had the power to deny it a voice.

The Independent Political Forum, unconnected with any national organization, is strictly a home-grown phenomenon. From its original fourteen members, it grew rapidly until its mailing list reached nearly 600. As one member said, "It seems as though all the liberals in this conservative town suddenly found each other." Students, ministers, housewives, college professors, industrial workers, teachers, engineers, labor unionists — all kinds of people joined.

The purpose of the organization is "to stimulate meaningful discussion of world, national and local problems and participate in appropriate political action." In practice, this has included the sponsorship of meetings with such speakers as Dr. Linus Pauling and Norman Thomas on problems in disarmament and other speakers on the Cuban revolution; collecting signatures on petitions urging that disarmament negotiations be continued until agreement is reached; successfully supporting a Negro physicist when he ran into opposition in moving into a previously all-white suburb; distributing article reprints, books and pamphlets on disarmament, fallout and Cuba; and keeping a steady stream of letters going to editors, the President, Senators and Congressmen.

As co-chairman of the forum, I was selected to write and present our statement at the meeting. After the building program had been thoroughly discussed, Mr. Shaughnessy read the board's statement advocating the fallout shelter and presenting an impressive list of sources of support, starting with President Kennedy and working down. He then called for questions. It soon became apparent, from the short answers people were getting, that he hoped to keep discussion to a minimum. At that point, I asked and received permission to read the statement from the Independent Political Forum.

WE first thanked Mr. Shaughnessy for allowing us to speak and I noted that, as the mother of four young children, I appreciated the feelings which had led to the inclusion of the shelter in plans for the new school. But, our statement continued, we had come to the conclusion, after considerable study of the issue, that shelters are a "form of false security and represent a real danger to our children. Shelters encourage a war psychology, intensify the arms race and promote the idea that nuclear war is necessary or inevitable." We went on to point out that the thinking of Civil Defense is obsolete, since the shelter plans were predicated on the notion that the nearest bomb would fall at the Niagara Frontier and that it would take an hour for the radiation to reach Rochester. Today, however, upstate New York is the site of a number of "hard bases" — that is, underground launching pads for 9,000-mile ICBMs — and our community has become a prime target. We suggested, further, that building

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MARY M. GROOMS describes herself as a "suburban housewife and mother interested, as all mothers should be, in politics, civil rights and all matters which affect the future of our children."

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shelters would merely lead to the production of bigger and deadlier bombs or to the use of chemical and biological warfare, in which case the shelter ventilation system would become an oversized spray gun loaded with lethal chemicals that would kill the children inside.

We went on to object to the fact that the shelter had not been publicly discussed and suggested that "this is not the way the citizens of a free democratic society should approach such a vital issue. To vote on any issue without full information is not living up to our obligations as responsible members of a free society." We urged that the Greece citizens vote against the proposal and perhaps hold another vote on it after the issue had been discussed.

We ended with the statement: "If there is $45,000 in Greece that you do not know what to do with, it is our hope that you will spend it, not on a useless shelter, but on books and other equipment for your children the better to teach them to solve the problems the shelter seeks to hide from."

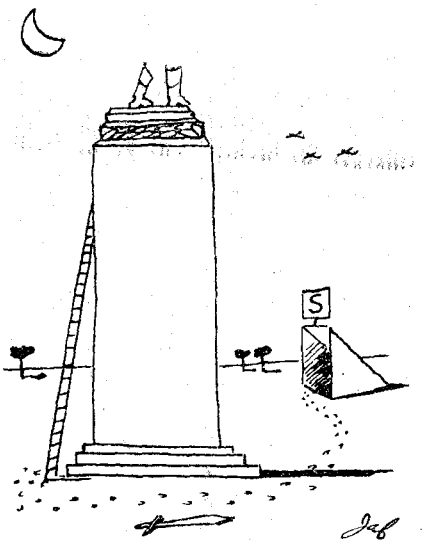
After I sat down, the board called upon Warner Weber, New York State engineer for the design of bomb shelters. Making no attempt to refute the forum's statement, he merely said: "Mrs. Grooms has valid policies, but I think they are in favor of Mr. Khrushchev."

Surprised, I snapped back, "I resent that!"

Then a young minister seated in the audience rose and said, "We're told this issue should be discussed, but the first time someone tries to, they are accused of being a traitor or something!"

At that point, board member Wilho Salminen seized the microphone and, shaking with rage, he attacked both the shelter project and Mr. Weber: "I came here tonight determined not to say anything about the shelter, although I have been opposed to it from the start — perhaps because I know something about it. However, even courts give dissenting opinions, and I guess Boards of Education can, too. I will have nothing to do with a man who comes here and bandies words with us as Mr. Weber has done."

He then cited a number of radiation accidents, from the death of one of the crew of the *Lucky Dragon* to the recent accident at an experimental atomic pile in Iowa. He told how the bodies were removed by teams of men — one team running in, putting down the stretcher and running out; another team running in, putting the bodies on the stretcher, and running out; another team running in, bringing the bodies to the door; etc. We in his audience could picture a shelter-full of high school students coming out into a



world filled with hundreds of thousands of irradiated bodies. He ended by saying: "I object to this shelter because it is inadequate philosophically, inadequate psychologically and inadequate because it is not sufficient unto itself."

At that, Mr. Weber got up and apologized to the meeting for having been so "emotional."

THE REMAINDER of the meeting was relatively calm, with the radiation scientists and the Civil Defense representatives taking turns to answer such questions as, "What would happen here if a ten-megaton bomb fell on Buffalo?"; "Is it likely the Russians would launch a saturation attack?" It appeared, from the answers, that the worth of the fallout shelters depended very largely upon the cooperation of the Russians with the plans of Civil Defense. If Russia would only be reasonable and drop no more than one bomb on Buffalo, fallout shelters in Rochester would be a definite help.

The next morning, one of the board members called me to express his concern at my attitude and that of the forum. He said that the board had encountered no opposition to the shelter elsewhere. We discussed the philosophy of the shelters and related topics for nearly three hours and parted with much good will, though still on opposite sides. He predicted that the shelter would be approved by a two-to-one majority. Actually, in spite of the fact that we were receiving a number of calls supporting our position, we forum members also thought it probably would be approved. So it was as much a surprise to us as to everyone else when the Greece Central School District approved the $5,960,000 building program by a vote of 1,511 to 673, but turned down the $45,000 shelter project by 1,457 to 698.

AT THIS point everyone, on both sides, is trying to figure out why the vote went as it did. In the period between the information meeting and the vote, local newspaper columns blossomed with letters from forum members opposing the shelter; forum members in the school district distributed reprints of Gov. Meyner's article in *Coronet*, "Bomb Shelters Will Not Save Us," and contacted several Protestant ministers; a Presbyterian minister of a large Greece church strongly opposed the project from the pulpit the Sunday preceding the vote; there were long reports in the newspapers of the heated information meeting.

Perhaps these last-minute efforts were successful. Perhaps people are just more opposed to Civil Defense and fallout shelters than we had suspected. Perhaps there was resentment against Mr. Weber's attempt to "McCarthyize" me (even members of the board who were pushing the shelter disapproved of Weber's tactic).

At any rate, the parents in Greece drew a line on the arms race and said, "No further. You can't make us vote for our own children's burial vaults." Those who believe the American people can be herded like cattle should take note.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Mathematics of War

ARMS AND INSECURITY. A Mathematical Study of the Causes and Origins of War. By Lewis F. Richardson. Edited by Nicolas Rashevsky and Ernest Trucco. The Boxwood Press and Quadrangle Books. 307 pp. $10.

STATISTICS OF DEADLY QUARRELS. By Lewis F. Richardson. Edited by Quincy Wright and C. C. Lienau. The Boxwood Press and Quadrangle Books. 373 pp. $12.50.

Anatol Rapoport

THE AUTHOR of these two books was a physicist who spent a large part of his career developing meteorology as a mathematical science; he was also a Quaker. These two circumstances, at first sight unrelated, provide a key to the *raison d'être* and character of the above-listed volumes, which represent more than thirty years of work and which were posthumously published.

If anyone is justified in believing that nature, at least inanimate nature, is subject to strict determinist laws, it is the physicist. It is common knowledge, however, that weather prediction is difficult and, at times, frustrating. Nevertheless the physicist does not cease to believe that weather is governed by deterministic laws. He attributes his failures to insufficient data and to a lack of mathematical prowess. Indeed his faith is strengthened when he learns to predict the weather better as his observations become more extensive and his mathematical tools are sharpened. He may even ask whether the range of determinism extends beyond physics, perhaps even to human behavior. Detailed prediction of an individual's behavior may be hopeless because of its complexity, but may not the behavior of men in masses, particularly in large-scale historical events, be subject to discoverable laws and hence predictable? A systematic development of a mathematical science of large-scale human behavior thus becomes an enticing challenge to the physicist, especially one who has grappled and made some progress with other intractable problems, such as those of meteorology.

Richardson's pacifist convictions are no less relevant to the methods he chose in conducting his long and arduous investigation of war. The pacifist has little concern for the political rationalizations of war, for strategic intricacies, or for the mystique of heroism. He thus tends to turn away from views in which war appears motivated by pursuit of glory or calculated aims, in short, a product of human volition. Nor is he concerned with attributing praise or blame to belligerents. To the Christian pacifist, war is a calamity that afflicts man, because of man's tragic predilection for countering force with force.

RICHARDSON devoted more than half his adult life to a theoretical and empirical study of war as a quasi-deterministic phenomenon. The qualification "quasi" bespeaks the fact that Richardson's outlook never passed into fatalism. "The equations," he wrote, "are merely descriptions of what people would do if they did not stop to think." He believed that man did have the power to rid himself of the affliction of war, but only if he understood the nature of its dynamics. This belief is in harmony with any scientist's belief in the power conferred by science. Nature can be controlled only if her laws are understood.

Richardson used two approaches in his study of war. One, embodied in *Arms and Insecurity*, placed a mathematical model at the center of attention. The other, represented in *Statistics of Deadly Quarrels*, is a statistical analysis of an overwhelmingly large mass of data, aimed at uncovering the etiology and the epidemiology of war.

The principal mathematical model treated in *Arms and Insecurity* is a translation into the language of mathematics of the following three hypotheses. (1) Fear and hostility among nations are mutually stimulating; increased "preparedness" of one instigates more rapid military preparations of the other. This is the basic mechanism of arms races. (2) There are also limiting factors in arms races, for example, the increasing burdens of military expenditures. (3) There are underlying grievances or reservoirs of good will, which contribute positively or negatively to the growth of hostility (as reflected in military expenditures) independently of the other factors.

It is important to note that for the mathematical physicist the hypotheses are not points of arrival (proffered explanations) but points of departure. *Starting* with the model, the mathematical physicist deduces a course of events as a consequence. If the deductions agree with the observations, the hypotheses can be considered corroborated (to a degree). From his model Richardson deduces two possible outcomes of an arms race: either a stabilization of armament expenditures or an unstable situation, which, depending on how it starts, may lead to a runaway arms race (presumably igniting into a war) or to disarmament.

The "classical" arms race, to which this model has been applied most successfully, is that preceding World War I (1908-1914). The actual growth of armament expenditures follows exactly the predicted course, and the constants of the equations are such that the situation appears to have been unstable. But *because* it was unstable, Richardson is forced to the theoretical conclusion that a slight shift in conditions, say a deliberate reduction of armaments or an increase of "good will" (which Richardson considers reflected in international trade volumes), would have thrown the race into reverse, i.e., toward disarmament.

The application of the theory to the arms race preceding World War II (1933-39) is beset with formidable difficulties: the disappearance of the gold standard, the practice of camouflaging war expenditures, the perturbing effects of the Great Depression, etc. To overcome these difficulties, Richardson is forced to make rough guesses and approximations. The results are spotty, but with some modifications, the theory still holds up. Richardson died in 1953, while working on the analysis of the present arms race. He had not ventured a prediction of its outcome.

No competent appraiser of mathematical theories will assert that the specific theory of arms races and war proposed by Richardson is convincing. Nevertheless the work of this supremely dedicated man should be judged to be of paramount importance for reasons that will be stated below. For the present, let us turn to the other volume.

Statistics of Deadly Quarrels offers no theoretical model. The emphasis here is on making some order out of a vast

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ANATOL RAPOPORT, a mathematical biologist, is now on the faculty of the Mental Health Research Institute, the University of Michigan. His latest book, Fights, Games, and Debates (*University of Michigan Press*), *was reviewed here in the issue of February 18.*

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amount of quantitative data related to conflicts in which fatalities have occurred. Here again, not only the natural scientist's but also the pacifist's predisposition is apparent. For no matter how the soldier, the statesman, or the political historian may view war, to a pacifist war is first and foremost an outbreak of violence. For Richardson, wars differ from other outbursts — riots, punitive expeditions, raids, murders and executions — mainly in size.

Accordingly, Richardson classifies "deadly quarrels" by magnitude (the logarithm of the number of dead), ranging from 0 for murders to over 7 for the two World Wars. His first task is to describe the distribution of deadly quarrels by magnitudes. It turns out that the equation of the distribution follows a well-known mathematical form, which crops up in many similar investigations where sizes of objects are compared with the frequencies of their occurrence.

This result corroborates the determinist's conviction: even though individual events are unpredictable, large masses of events are subject to discoverable statistical laws. Richardson's graphs do not tell us whether or when a deadly quarrel will occur, but they suggest the existence of *gross* laws governing the occurrence of deadly quarrels.

In this spirit, Richardson undertakes to examine various factors said to be important in the occurrence of wars. He does this by calculating statistical correlations. An established positive correlation does not indicate a causal connection but it *suggests* a possible one. A negative correlation between a factor and the incidence of war suggests (but again does not establish) the factor as a pacifying influence. On the other hand, the absence of a correlation is strong evidence for the absence of a causal connection. The result of Richardson's meticulous and, at times, ingenious handling of the data is a list of factors possibly contributing to wars, a list of possible pacifiers, and a list of other factors for which no evidence exists that they are either contributory or inhibitory.

In the list of wars examined (more than 300 from 1820 to 1949), some of the possible contributory factors appear to have been multiple common frontiers, desire for revenge, the number of other states already at war, differences in religion, and the Spanish language. Among the possible pacifiers appear to have been the existence of a like government, intermarriage, common culture, and the Chinese language.

These correlations are not exciting. Some seem obvious; others, like the language spoken, are almost certainly spurious. Yet the method used by Richardson has a distinct value in that the results came out of an investigation devoid of preconceived notions. This is seen more clearly in the list of factors which, upon examination, give little or no evidence of being correlated with war one way or another, e.g.: common religion, class conflict, similarity or difference in language, or inherent "aggressiveness." Economic causes can be discerned in only 29 per cent of the wars since 1820 and seem more important in small than in large wars. Many of these factors have on occasion been proposed as primary ones in promoting or inhibiting wars.

THIS brings us to the chief merit of Richardson's contribution. The work should not be judged as a scientific investigation which has led to important discoveries or has established definitive results. Nothing has been proved, not even Richardson's original hypothesis that wars are results of arms races (only a small minority of the wars examined were preceded by arms races). At most, verdicts of "not proven" were returned on some widely held convictions, such as that preparedness is an effective deterrent or an insurance of victory or that some nations are characteristically aggressive or that mankind has become more warlike or less warlike since 1820. The chief value of Richardson's work is in the proposed method: the study of war as a large-scale social phenomenon subject to laws of social dynamics. This outlook is akin to Marxism in that it has a determinist flavor. However, it avoids the main pitfall of Marxism in that it is not bound by preconceived notions of what the laws of social dynamics are. Richardson's method can therefore serve as a framework of scientific investigation in no danger of being encrusted with dogma. The limitations of Richardson's investigations are the limitations of a lone man who had undertaken a Herculean task. He gives evidence of being entirely aware of these limitations in a series of dialogues with an alter ego, who at times, to be sure, is only a straight man to the socratic "Author," but at other times serves as a competent "Critic" or "Mentor." Given the resources of talent, funds and mathematical technology at the disposal of those who presently promote war research, investigations of the sort attempted by Richardson could yield a rich and beneficial harvest.

Modern developments in the scientific investigation of conflicts center around ideas very different from those of Richardson, namely the ideas of game theory. In this theory, conflict is pictured as a battle of wits among two or more completely "rational" opponents. There is no denying that game theory has brilliantly illuminated the strategic aspects of conflict. However, the relevance of this theory to the role of war in human affairs is problematical. The question can be seriously raised whether all the intricacies of strategy and diplomacy, as well as all the ideologies and na-

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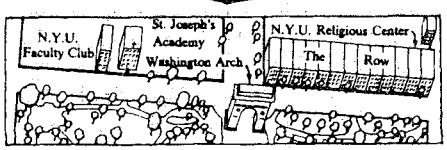

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tional goals, are not simply rationalizations, which propel masses of people to behave in ways determined by large historical forces.

Inadvertently, Richardson's approach brings to mind Tolstoy's speculations in the last chapter of *War and Peace* on the illusory nature of leadership, rationality and strategy in large-scale conflicts. Richardson echoes this idea in the remark, "Leaders lead peoples where they are willing to be led." Tolstoy wrote at a time when military and much of political thinking was dominated by Clausewitz's book *On War.** It is opportune that Richardson's work appeared in book form simultaneously with Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War.* If Richardson's books were read as widely as Kahn's, they might serve as a good antidote.

*Incidentally while serving in the Russian army against Napoleon in 1812 young Clausewitz was adjutant to General Phull, whose "military science" is described with withering sarcasm in *War and Peace.*

The Plays of Johnston

THE OLD LADY SAYS "NO!" AND OTHER PLAYS. By Denis Johnston. Little, Brown & Co. 479 pp. $7.50.

Vivian Mercier

IT'S GRAND to see *The Old Lady Says "No!"* back in print. I can say this with conviction because I tried very hard to include it in an anthology nine years ago, but the length of the play defeated me. Denis Johnston was willing to have it reprinted, though he says in his new preface that it is "by no means my favourite play." The Irish consider this first play his masterpiece and, the more plays he writes, the more stubborn their verdict becomes. "It was inevitable," he modestly insists, "that such a play would be written in Ireland by someone or other at about that time." In a way, this odd statement is true, but the play needn't have been a half or a quarter so good as *The Old Lady.*

The basic idea of this brilliant satire is simple enough: an actor taking the part of Robert Emmet in a sentimental, patriotic melodrama is accidentally knocked cold; while unconscious, he imagines himself to be Emmet reincarnate in the post-revolution Dublin of 1926. Once the opening melodrama (made up almost entirely of quotations from nineteenth-century Anglo-Irish literature) has been interrupted, the play soon drops naturally into an expressionistic idiom which was less hackneyed thirty-five years ago than it is now. Johnston acknowledges a debt to George Kaufman and Marc Connelly's *Beggar on Horseback* and to one other expressionist play, but it is clear that the "Circe" episode in *Ulysses* also supplied him with a number of hints.

Like Joyce's juxtaposition of Edwardian Dublin with the world of *The Odyssey,* Johnston's confrontation of Tim Healy's Dublin with Robert Emmet creates a marvelous ambiguity. Is it Emmet's idealism or present-day realism that is being ridiculed? One is forced to conclude that the play mocks at *everything,* which may be the secret of its success in Ireland.

THE remaining five plays in the volume, each with its own provocative preface, seem to have been chosen to contrast as sharply as possible with *The Old Lady* and with one another. I was familiar with only one, *The Moon in the Yellow River,* which nearly became a Broadway hit in the thirties and has recently been revived off-Broadway. This loquacious play of flickering civil war in Ireland is imbued with too much nihilistic Irish humor for most American or British tastes. Far from being smirking, self-conscious stage Paddies, the characters are furiously in earnest; but is their author? Does the play consist of a slow fuse of meaningless chatter which explodes a meaningful action, or is the action meaningless and the talk meaningful? This helping of Chekhov *à l'irlandaise* reminds one more of Shaw's *Heartbreak House* than of the Russian master.

Three of the plays seem to me not in the same league with the others. *A Fourth for Bridge* is a one-act anti-war farce in which a bunch of stray World War II soldiers from both sides vie with one another in making fun of their own leaders and ideologies. While the war was still on, it would have been subversive to the point of blasphemy—and therefore wonderful, cathartic fun. But when it was performed in peacetime over British television, it just naturally fell flat on its face; the pressure toward blind, unthinking loyalty had already been relaxed. Blasphemy is no fun unless you're afraid you might be struck dead. *Strange Occurrence on Ireland's Eye,* "A Play About a Murder Trial" (and a competent one), could have been written by almost anybody, could be acted by almost anybody, and should produce enough royalties from amateur performances to send at least one of its author's numerous children through college. *The Scythe and the Sunset* strikes me as a strangely incompetent piece of playwriting. About the 1916 Rising in Dublin, it obviously challenges O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* by its title. The *raisonneur* and "hero" of the play is Captain Palliser, a British officer of Irish upbringing whose sympathies are divided, though they lie mainly on the side of the British Empire. He could have been an interesting, rather tragic figure in the *Cherry Orchard* tradition, but instead he reminds me more of the khaki-clad heroes in the trashy novels of Johnston's and my youth. The name of Ian Hay will mean little or nothing to American readers, but Palliser is an Ian Hay hero, sowing his wild oats before turning into a Colonel Blimp. In his war autobiography, *Nine Rivers from Jordan,* Johnston, a BBC correspondent, unconsciously reveals his hankering to be just such a hero, a British-musical-comedy version of Parsifal.

Luckily, Johnston is also a countryman of Shaw and Swift. At his best, he gets mighty close to one or the other. The third fine play in this collection, *The Dreaming Dust,* is a series of tableaux from the life of Swift, arranged in the form of a medieval moral-

VIVIAN MERCIER is on the faculty of the City College of New York. He has recently completed The Irish Comic Tradition.

Cézanne

No pretense no more than the
French painters of
the early years of the nineteenth century

to scant the truth
of the light itself as
it was reflected from

a ballerina's thigh this Ginsberg
of *Kaddish* falls apart
violently to a peal of laughter or to

wrenched imprecation from a
man's head nothing can
stop the truth of it art is all we

can say to reverse
the chain of events and make a pileup
of passion to match the stars

No choice but between
a certain variation
hard to perceive in a shade of blue

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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ity play, with characters representing the Seven Deadly Sins. The share each of these had in the life of Swift is examined scene by scene and sin by sin. Naturally, the facts and theories recently expounded by Johnston in *In Search of Swift* [see *The Nation*, April 2, 1960] form an important part of the play but, quite apart from the originality of these, *The Dreaming Dust* is a dramatic tour de force. Johnston fears that he will never see his ideal production in its natural setting—St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. One of the organizations here in New York which have tried to bring drama back into the churches might well consider a production.

The present volume contains neither all the plays Johnston has written nor all, I hope, he will write. His publishers should consider bringing out a further volume. Any man who, in these hard times, has written three plays which belong to literature as well as to the theatre deserves the honor of a collected edition.

An Order that Will Sing

SAY PARDON. By David Ignatow. Wesleyan University Press. 76 pp. Cloth $3.50; paper $1.25.

ADAM BEFORE HIS MIRROR. By Ned O'Gorman. Harcourt, Brace & World. 48 pp. $3.75.

POEMS. By Alan Dugan. Yale University Press. 62 pp. Cloth $3; paper $1.25.

Denise Levertov

DAVID IGNATOW has for years been refining and strengthening his modest, muted style until one is not aware of it as technique — it is a transparent medium. He deals almost always with deeply personal concerns. Especially in the poems which I take to be the most recent, those toward the end of the book, he reveals himself as essentially a religious poet, one whose dominant underlying preoccupation is with the relations of God and man. The skeptic and pragmatist in him are inextricably linked with the longing for God in a way that is typically (though not, of course, exclusively) Jewish. God is questioned, berated, pleaded with here as in the Bible, although in rhythms and in a vocabulary in no way Biblical. For example, "The Rightful One":

> I heard my son burst out of his room
> and shout, He is here, dad. He is here.
> I understood and I managed to stand
> up,
> melting within, and walk the hall
> between our rooms to meet Him
> whom I had neglected in my
> thoughts;
> but not my son who was ill
> and had searched for Him.
> He had come. I saw Him standing,
> his hair long, face exhausted, eyes sad
> and knowing, and I bent my knee,
> terrified at the reality,
> but he restrained me with a hand
> and said, I am a sufferer like yourself.
> I have come to let you know.
> And I rose, my heart swelling, and
> said,
> I have failed and bitterness is in me.
> And he replied, And forgiveness too.
> Bless your son. And I blessed him
> and his face brightened. And the
> Rightful One
> was gone and left a power to feel free.

And here is part of another, called "Sunday at the State Hospital":

> I am sitting across the table
> eating my visit sandwich.
> The one I brought him stays
> suspended
> near his mouth. . . .
>
> My past is sitting in front of me
> filled with itself
> and trying with almost no success
> to bring the present to its mouth.

Ignatow's poems grow right out of the American concrete like ginkgo and ailanthus trees. They are beautifully localized, not by applied touches of local color (and very few of them are even "about" New York — but they are *of* New York) but because they are written with a proud, simple refusal of whatever is not "proven on his pulses." One sees that he took up the challenge of an "ordinary," a somewhat drab, life and resolved to make his poetry out of that or not at all: from its exigencies, from an ordinary job, from ordinary grief, ordinary worry, ordinary deep, sad, difficult love. There is an excitement that grows on one in his sober truthfulness and the beautiful simplicity of his language and its rhythms. One may apply to his work these words of Cid Corman's, which I cherish (they are taken from an unpublished radio talk on poetry): "Not experience thrown as a personal problem on others but ex-

DENISE LEVERTOV'S most recent collections of verse are Overland to the Islands (*Jargon*) *and* With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads (*New Directions*).

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perience as an order that will sing to others."

It is interesting to compare Ignatow's "How Come?" and Ned O'Gorman's "The Day the Steuben Glass Building Breaks." Both are city fantasies. In "How Come?" New York is enveloped in an inexplicable cloud of soap foam — and not only New York, it stretches from coast to coast, the radio says:

> "We'll have to start climbing for air,
> a crowd forming around the Empire State Building
> says the portable. God help the many
> who will die of soap foam."

It is funny and it is frightening and one believes it from the word go. Reading O'Gorman's poem, one is conscious of making an effort to suspend disbelief. There are beautiful images but they don't seem rooted in life. O'Gorman's poems are flamboyant; at times the word *bejeweled* comes to mind. Nevertheless, he is a natural poet of very considerable gifts: it is evident that in him image immediately follows perception.

His work is externally baroque — not in the total structure of the poems, which is usually not elaborate, but in the extravagance of the verbal gestures. Yet the spirit that informs it is innocent, even naive. The vocabulary is larger, the mode much further from common speech than Ignatow's. Sometimes it is too literary, but on the whole it is redeemed from being merely literary by the great intensity of O'Gorman's responses. Among definitions of enthusiasm my dictionary gives, "Enkindled and enkindling fervor of soul." O'Gorman is an enthusiast. He lives in wonder. He praises Creation. And this fervor penetrates what is literary in his work and convinces one in spite of it, in most of his poems. But it was not for being an enthusiast that I said he has a naive spirit; the praise of Creation doesn't imply naïveté. What I mean is that he has a somewhat restricted conception of beauty. I have the feeling that for him there is as clear a division between beauty and ugliness as there is for him, a Catholic, between good and evil — so clear that he can barely comprehend that for most of his contemporaries these distinctions are ambiguous. So he leaves out what he thinks is ugly and puts in what he thinks is beautiful; because it seems that, in a rather nineteenth-century spirit, he believes only The Beautiful, in that restricted sense, to be appropriate to poetry. The worst example of where this can lead him is in a fanciful, and to me trivial, departure from a grim subject, "The Death of a Racing-Car Driver." However, most of his poems are much better than that; and what saves him most frequently is that he has the instinct to pull himself away from the dull expected iambic beat, and from softly mellifluous word-clusters. There is often an over-richness of metaphor but the sound-texture is not bland, not flaccid. This is an important virtue.

His book, then, is uneven, but what I feel is best in it gave me great pleasure: "On Silence," "I Am A Falcon, Hooded, On God's Wrist," "God Creates Water," and "Johanna, the Big Cow." I quote from this last:

> *Johanna stands intact*
> as the tug of the electric cups
> draws out her white honey
> her blanch ichor
> into bright steel pails.
> Heu! What passion in stanchions,
> what procession in cows coming down the road
> to be milked . . .

I find most of Alan Dugan's work depressing. It is *clever*. Two good poems, — "Philodendron" (and its gloss, which is also a poem) and "Love Song: I and Thou" — and some lines in other poems, make one aware that Dugan does experience genuine and strong feelings, perceptions, sufferings; but like a person who does not trust himself to really open his mouth when he speaks, who keeps his lips rigid, he impedes the emergence of what there is of force and truth in his poems. Almost every time he begins to say something moving, something of real interest, he unsays it with a slickness. I imagine this book will be acclaimed by academic critics. I would like to think Dugan might not be misled by this acclaim, might not be content to believe himself "brilliant," but instead would learn to throw off all that is modish, false, contrived in his work and start over along the way to which his better poems point; a way where his rhythms would develop an organic vitality, and the imagination's depths, not the competent intellect, acting on its own, would supply the images.

Pure Success

THE S-MAN: A Grammar of Success. By Mark Caine. Houghton Mifflin Co. 174 pp. $3.

Stephen Potter

THE AUTHOR or authors of this book (Mark Caine is a pseudonym) call it "a grammar of success." The critic should begin by pointing out, as heavily as possible, that success has many mansions, and that this particular book is a guide to only one of them.

It is the business mansion, and this S is a business executive success. This does not mean anything so gross or ordinary as the smart manipulator or money-making adept.

The S-Man is neither. S is a career in itself. The getting-onishness is all. There are no outside hobbies, no watching-the-clock. Spare time is more work than work. "Only the S-Man appreciates that the best business is being done when business is not being done."

This is certainly truth in jest, if indeed there is often not much jest about it. What is the best way of getting on a Christian name basis? "Try and meet your man at a party, or, if possible abroad." "Don't splash money about, but be ready to lend possessions—car, flat, typewriter." Mini-recorder? I myself teach young men, if I ask them to lend me a pound, to say "are you sure one's enough?" If you want to get your own way, "always appear to be seduced by those you are seducing." With the ladies, the S-Man "affects a cheeky courtliness."

This last phrase is apt and true: and the subjugation and manipulation of sex to the greater priorities of S are dealt with very fully. . . . When do you appear with what sort of woman on what kind of occasion? I am sure the answer is "when in doubt, don't." Yet the theme can be made to seem fascinatingly complex. My own footnote suggestion would be this. It is *not* a good idea for S to introduce to his boss or boss's wife a girl friend who is of the same type as boss's, *only more so*. She must be less so.

The general S type is described with satisfactory thoroughness. The type phrases are a model. S does Y a favor. He introduces him to Boss. But he never says, "could you spare a moment to see Y?" It is: "The man you want to see is Y. I don't know when he'll next be in New York, but I think I could fix it."

My criticism of the book is that it is too Type. There is only one kind

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STEPHEN POTTER, inventor of the ploy and the world's leading expert on the situation of being one up, is the author of a series of books whose progenitor was Gamesmanship.

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of S-Man. The modest, dumbish, man-at-your-elbow S, often with a slight stammer, is not described. The non-social, over-smoking, midnight oil, working-on-graphs-in-a-garret S is only hinted at. Nor is there mention of the bluff, professional man-in-the-street man. Also let it be admitted that the book is all hero and no villain. The hidden possibilities of subversion, of Counter S, spring to mind, based on the "I hear you're doing frightfully well" opening.

The intention of the book is satirical. "We are not joking" is the author's last line. Still, Never trust the author, trust the tale, as Lawrence said. The intention is satirical. But the result is a kind of truth, a picture of a kind of life of which the author must be part. And the truth for him is that it's a world of dust and ashes: which is only one side of the story.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE OTHER NIGHT at the Key Theatre, a tiny, new playhouse at 4 St. Mark's Place, while attending a program of three one-act plays advertised as *Evenings with Chekhov*, I overheard a lady asking, "Who is Hedda Gabler? What show has she been in?"

I take it that what we ordinarily call "revivals" are actually new plays to a far greater number of people than we suppose. Let us suppose then that Chekhov is a new writer and that the production of the three short plays at the Key Theatre represents three extremely promising examples of a greatly gifted young dramatist's work.

The Anniversary is a "vaudeville" skit with a plot which might be set down as madly improbable were it not wholly relevant to the Russia of 1891. The peculiar combination of crude provincialism, essentially of peasant stamp, overlaid with a cheap patina of equally crude lower middle-class "modernity," is so characteristic of that epoch that it seems now to have been an invention of Chekhov's: it is so remote from our present day environment.

The scene is the private office of the chairman of a bank whose fifteenth anniversary in that position is about to be celebrated. The unshaven office clerk is dressed in peasant attire (felt boots, a rough skullcap, etc.) and uses an abacus. He is crotchety and rude to his superiors. A woman intrudes. Her husband, employed in a civil service bureau, has been fired, and his wife claims that some twenty rubles—for doctor's bills—are still due him. She can get no satisfaction from his former employers. She asks the bank chairman—who as such has not the slightest connection with the civil service—to do something about obtaining the money. He tries to explain that she is making her request in the wrong place, but to no avail. She expostulates, pleads, cajoles, clamors, harangues, takes incessant oaths of honesty and worthiness, until finally to get rid of her the harassed chairman—who has been previously inundated by his own wife's torrential flood of gossip—gives the overwhelmingly insistent woman twenty-five rubles out of his own pocket. She then begs to have her husband's job restored and the same round of voluble persecution begins anew. At this point the misogynist clerk flies into a rage and picks up a stick to beat the pest out of the place. By the time the delegation from the bank board arrives to tender its respects to the chairman all the main characters have passed out from excitement and exhaustion.

Crazy! Yet the basic characterizations are so deeply rooted in Chekhov's time, place, milieu—that is, in reality—that the little playlet not only succeeds in being hilarious as farce but also comes alive as "fact."

THE second play, *On the High Road* (written when Chekhov was twenty-five), takes place in the gloomiest and grimiest sort of "bar," where on a stormy night several "pilgrims," a laborer, an alcoholic gentleman in rags and a fierce looking tramp seek shelter for the night. The proprietor of the bar (or "inn") brutally refuses credit to the tortured and penniless alcoholic; the general atmosphere is one of desolation, suffering, cruelty. Slowly we learn that the alcoholic, once a wealthy landowner, was abandoned by his newly married wife with whom he is still desperately in love. When the tramp and the others discover these facts they are so affected that each in his own way tries to be helpful. The tramp offers the ruined man his bench to sleep on, the barman treats him to a drink, the laborer offers to pay for more. The tramp has also had a tragic history with a woman, and when, by chance, the landowner's runaway wife turns up at the inn, the tramp is ready to kill her. The curtain falls on the tramp's "unexplained" and uncontrollable sobbing.

This play manages to be moving with a kind of simplicity which transcends both the danger of a tear-jerking pathos and the fallacy of a grim objectivity.

The masterpiece of the evening—and the best acted of the three plays—is *The Wedding*. Here the cupidity, narrowness, folly, ignorance and horror of lower middle-class life is compressed in universal terms into a half hour's playing time. The play is howlingly funny yet, despite the caricature, also very sad. When one thinks of what some of the modern French playwrights and their imitators do with similar material one realizes how poverty-stricken after all is their theory and practice compared to Chekhov's rich humanity.

These three playlets have been admirably directed by Amnon Kabatchnik who has a distinct flair for Chekhov's comedy, of which his production last season of *A Country Scandal* also gave evidence. The cast is generally well chosen; the settings and lighting by Fred Sammut, the costumes by Dina Harris, are also—considering off-Broadway's limited means—to be commended.

Special mention must be given to Sorrell Booke, a youngish character actor whose instinct for the stage is most striking. He seems to have been born for (or in!) the theatre—as if he had inherited his knowledge of and feeling for the Thespian mask. He sometimes lacks measure. He needs a surer sense of relation with his fellow players and more command of true emotion (so necessary for the final moment of *On the High Road*). Yet one must be impressed by his facility, inventiveness, unfailing nose for effect and humor.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE STATE of the world being what it so obviously is, there is more than passing interest in the memories our former foes and Allies retain of the great war we experienced together. A movie is not conclusive evidence of national sentiment (though it may be as reliable as the intelligence on which our leaders base their fateful gestures), but if we can't be sure how the message was received, we at least know what persuasion was attempted.

DEFEATED nations have a way of snatching instants of glory out of their ruined pride (our Southerners continue to fight at Chickamauga with undiminished valor); still, it is not surprising that the West Germans recall World War II with something less than relish. What is worth noting about *The Bridge*, made from Manfred Gregor's novel of that name, is its almost hysterical vehemence. The picture grossly overkills to reach its objective, and that in fact produces a central implausibility.

Seven teen-age boys, members for twenty-four hours of the dying *Wehrmacht*, have been assigned to what their officer expects will be the relatively safe job of guarding a bridge until it is blown up to slow the charging Americans. But the plan goes awry when the sergeant appointed to mother the little group is killed by military police; the boys know nothing of the demolition plans and they are nice children whose heads have been filled with such words of horror as "honor," "courage," "native soil." They determine to defend their post and, in a nightmare of blood and madness, they destroy two Yankee tanks, kill a parcel of seasoned assault troops, contribute to the major destruction of the town, turn their guns on German soldiers who attempt to reason with them and die (all but one) in a cause already dead.

The pitched battle at the bridgehead is what strikes me as exaggerated—this handful of untrained children accomplishes an improbable chaos in its misguided bid for glory. But the filmmakers apparently needed the holocaust to ram their point home—it is not enough that the boys should die; they must die in frenzied agony, in the old and terrible (and never to be repeated?) German way. The paroxysm of revulsion disturbs me, for I have noticed that a man who is really determined to sober up takes his stand rather quietly—the ones who bang their heads against the wall and call upon heaven as witness often need a drink to recover from their raptures. It may also be so of nations.

But it is only fair to agree that these Germans at this moment mean what they say. They make a very plain statement about the ugliness and futility of war. They have not tried for much originality of characterization or subtlety of motive—it is a rigorously black and white picture—and have concentrated on underlining as heavily as they can the old adage that war is hell. I am ashamed that the reminder seems as pertinent in New York as it possibly could in Frankfurt.

IN SHARP contrast to this brutal memory is the lyric melancholy of the Russian *Ballad of a Soldier*. A young signalman, who performs an act of almost involuntary heroism, is rewarded with six days' leave so that he may go home and embrace his mother. The battle scene is preamble; the picture itself becomes a race against time, the boy being impeded by the irregularities of travel and the human demands made on him. At the end, he literally has time only to embrace his mother before leaping into the truck that will start him back to the war from which he will not again return.

Technically, the picture is made according to an almost foolproof chase formula; but it is most excellently done, with a delicate sense of timing, rich variety of characterization and beautiful photography. In tone, *Ballad of a Soldier* is tender, deeply aware of the importance of individual life. It sees tragedy in terms of simple experience (a wife, reunited with her husband who has lost a leg, cannot take his arm as they walk along because the crutches are in the way), and though it never intimates that war is futile, or indeed avoidable, it sums up what war means in terms of one life that is so promising and so early cut off. This is a film of happy springtime, in a world that will permit no summer.

The innocence and virtue of the picture can be matched only by some of our nineteenth-century Civil War romances. The boy and girl who meet and fall in love on the long journey are like children in Eden; a wicked soldier turns into a rather endearing clown; comradeship and fidelity are universal and when the couple does come upon a faithless wife, they react with copybook severity. We have made pictures in this key (though I cannot remember one so skillful) and Richard Barthelmess starred in the most famous of them. Bursting into the kitchen of his next-door playmate, now become a lovely maiden, Alyosha gasps in confusion: "How you have grown!" and she ducks her head and hides her hands in her apron. The scene evokes, not one picture, but a whole Hollywood era. How happy we were!

But of course we really weren't, and Booth Tarkington never became a major American writer. What frightens me about *Ballad of a Soldier* is that the Soviet Government has sent it to us (part of an exchange arrangement) as a demonstration of Russian idealism. This turns out to be the idealism of green maidens and schoolroom knights-errant. The picture is not so much an inadequate view of the USSR as it is an inadequate view of the human race. If the Russians can see themselves in *Ballad of a Soldier*, they are trapped in childhood; and a nation of children ruled by that row of felt hats along the balustrade of Lenin's tomb is a spectacle of unalloyed terror.

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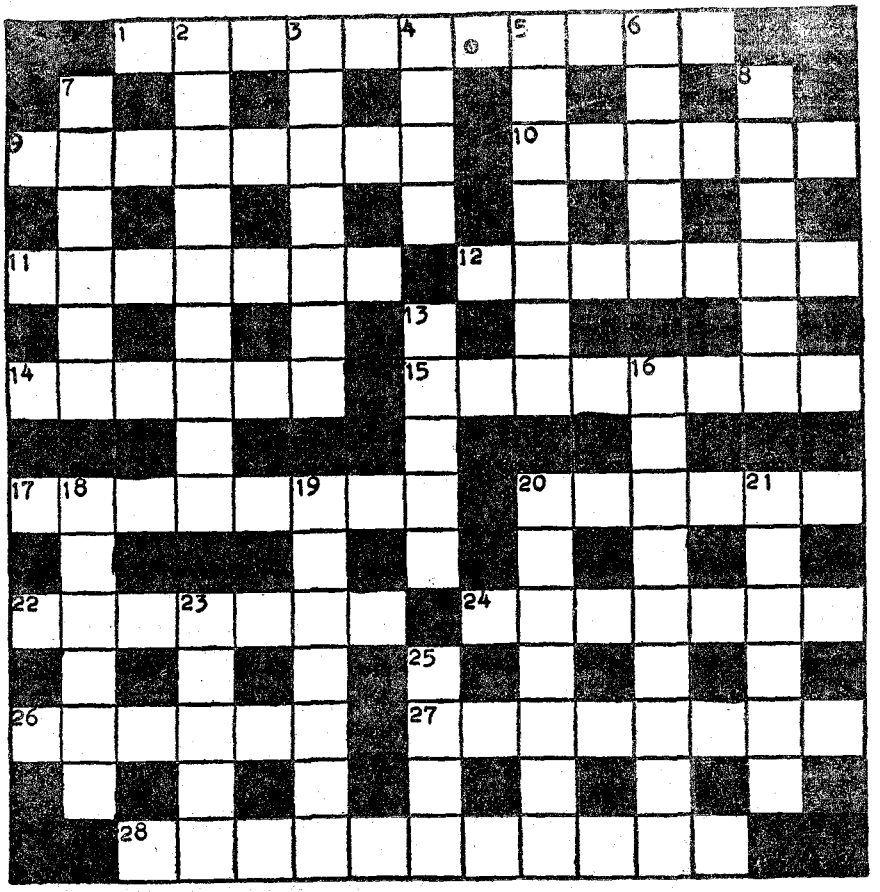
Crossword Puzzle No. 915

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Deep strains, in a way. (11)
9 No rating for those who don't know! (8)
10 See 4 down
11 Obtain young cattle around it, being without much sense. (7)
12 It has an 11 quality, with the pegs hit back. (7)
14 Cervantes said there is strange charm in the hopes of one. (6)
15 Not a new part of the motor for Grandpa, perhaps. (3, 5)
17 The unusual do, before you get to have inner conviction. (8)
20 Look out here, perhaps, for the drink is about up! (6)
22 As a guess, a version of this would be a way to get satisfaction. (7)
24 He might come in to something. (7)
26 To be left about the ocean? (6)
27 Notice it comes after the end? (8)
28 Deep strains, in a way. (3, 8)

DOWN:

2 Formerly a single price, it's clear. (9)
3 Come out with a variety of sea cow? (7)
4 and 10 When better viewpoints are presented, these might show them. (4, 6)
5 The sort of motor found on a bird, perhaps? (7)
6 What might listen in two directions makes a close approach. (5)
7 Out-going people sometimes have it. (6)
8 Like the mud slung by Madison Avenue? (6)
13 and 25 Solid figures with old clothes on, making up the wagon. (9)
16 Urge a combination of spirit or air. (9)
18 Sure to cause dispossession. (6)
19 Affecting the structure of cargo in the making? (7)
20 One might be in the middle of a sentence. (7)
21 Floaters and flies, perhaps. (6)
23 Give us time for practice! (5)
25 See 13 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 914

ACROSS: 1 Horsewhip; 9 and 6 across The gift of gab; 10 Eyesore; 11 Letdown; 12 English; 13 and 18 Gas house; 15 Styles; 17 Stager; 19 Cherry; 22 Chaste; 25 Ask; 27 Counter; 28 In state; 30 Opaline; 31 Nonskid; 32 Heels; 33 Toymakers. DOWN: 1 Hotel; 2 Reentry; 3 Epitome; 4 Hating; 5 and 6 Pieces of eight; 7 Growing; 8 Beech tree; 14 Abuts; 15 Sackcloth; 16 Shy; 17 Sec; 20 Emulate; 21 Retains; 23 Hosanna; 24 Shackle; 25 Ardent; 26 Kidney; 29 Eddas.

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